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Wells and Matrimony

THE ACADEMY

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	603	E. A. Poe: An Unnoticed Plagiarism	612
The Dream	605	Mr. H. A. Jones and the Drama	613
The Failure of Philosophy	606	Meetings of Societies	614
Poets' Songs and Music	607	Correspondence	616
The Wet Fly for Chalk-Stream Trout	612	Books Received	618

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Birthday Honours List, as is the way with Birthday Honours Lists, exhibits some startling features. The newspapers inform us that "the King has been pleased to make the following appointments on the occasion of the day set apart for the celebration of his late Majesty's birthday." We must confess that we should not rejoice to find his Gracious Majesty King George V. celebrating his own birthday by bestowing baronetcies upon Mr. Alfred Mond, M.P., and Mr. Harold Harmsworth, not to mention Mr. Carl Meyer and Mr. Adolf Tuck. Such "honours" savour of the old reign a little too obviously. Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., as he now is, is described in the *Daily Mail* as "one of the proprietors of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *English Review*." We have said enough about Hueffer's *English Review* in these columns to render it quite obvious that the proprietor of such a journal has no business to be honoured by his country and consequently should not be honoured by his King. Mr. Harold Harmsworth is described in the *Daily Mail* as "largely interested in Liberal newspapers, including the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Glasgow Daily Record*," and as a "younger brother of Lord Northcliffe." We should have thought that the fact that he is a brother of Lord Northcliffe and that he has succeeded in transforming the *Leeds Mercury*, which once ranked among the weightier organs of Liberalism, into a slipshod hapenny rag, would have barred him from honours of this description. As to Mr. Carl Meyer, it appears that he is "a generous supporter of the Shakespeare and National Memorial Theatre," while Mr. Adolf Tuck's services to his country would seem to rise out of the fact that his "firm recently published in facsimile the letter to the nation of the Queen-Mother, and also a message from King George." Surely baronetcies are cheap to-day.

As a sort of sop to letters, we find Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch lifted to the sublime dignity of knighthood. Our literary knights are an amusing trio—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the Rev. Sir Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and Sir A. T. Quiller Couch! Time, no doubt, will unfold to our dazzling literary gaze Sir Eveleigh Nash, who published a two-guinea portrait of his late Majesty, and Sir Heinemann Pawling, who once played for the "authors" in a cricket match. And why has Mr. Asquith forgotten his fat little friend, Horatio Bottomley—Baron Bolmondeley of the Basingstoke Canal and the West End Hotel? Then there is Jim Crow, who married into the Lincrusta Walton family, and who in his capacity of Herbert Vivian, and with the assistance of Mr. Winston Churchill, fought such a valiant fight for the Liberals of Deptford. Surely

Bottomley and Churchill between them ought to have arranged something for poor little Jim, in spite of his weak knees. However, the time will come, and we must be patient.

Mr. H. G. Wells appears to be annoyed. He has sent us the following letter:—

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I suppose your reprinting of my recent controversy in the *Daily Mail* with the complete omission of the passages in which I smashed my antagonist (and by anticipation your re-statement of his charges) falls within the limits permitted to editors in their own papers. And any abuse of "Ann Veronica" is fair criticism. I feel bound, however, to make some objection to your treatment of my "Mr. Polly." The little streak of something very like insanity with which you introduce sexual considerations to your readers was never quite so evident. Mr. Polly ends his days as man-of-all-work at a riverside inn kept by a fat old woman, with whom his relations are loquacious and amiable. Forgetful of your particular bias, I omitted to provide a chaperone for these two, but I do not suppose it has ever occurred to any reader of that book but yourself—and it certainly never occurred to me as I wrote it—that it was possible these two elderly people could be supposed to be in an immoral relationship. In the course of all this increasingly frantic campaign against my writings I think there has been nothing quite so unfair and foolish as this. Almost as just would it be to talk of the "immorality" of some poor old priest for "living with" a woman housekeeper. A writer has little or no remedy against this sort of thing. Week after week you can keep it up, omitting his effective defence, misrepresenting his statements, repeating charges he has disposed of, inserting unwarrantable corruptions into his most innocent intentions. So you can spoil his use in the world more or less completely. And, beyond a protest and the resentment of your readers, I do not see that he has any real defence.—Yours very sincerely, H. G. WELLS.

We are glad to know that even Mr. Wells himself has a bad opinion of "Ann Veronica." We are also pleased to discover that Mr. Wells is beginning to be ashamed of his own creations. With regard to the amiable Mr. Polly, we have never said a word as to the morality or immorality of his relations with Mr. Wells's fat old woman. What concerns us is the fact that Mr. Wells's Mr. Polly deserted his wife without notice or warning, and went off to lead the life of a philosopher and a judge of sunsets with the said fat old woman. To liken the relationship of Mr. Polly and his fat lady as the relationship which might exist between "some poor old priest and his housekeeper" is idiotic on the face of it. "Poor old priests" are not in the habit either of running away from their wives or sitting out on lawns with their housekeepers, even if it be for the purpose of prattling about sunsets. We append for the benefit of all whom it may concern the "appy ending" of Mr. Wells's book:—

Mr. Polly sat beside the fat woman at one of the little green tables at the back of the Potwell Inn, and struggled with the mystery of life. It was one of those evenings serenely luminous, amply and atmospherically still, when the river bend was at its best. . . . Mr. Polly's mind was filled with the persuasion that indeed all things whatsoever must needs be satisfying and complete. It was incredible that life had ever done more than seemed to jar, that there could be any shadow in life save such velvet softnesses as made the setting for that silent swan, or any murmur but the ripple of the water as it swirled round the chained and gently swaying punt. And the mind of Mr. Polly, exalted and made tender by this atmosphere, sought gently, but sought, to draw together the varied memories that came drifting, half submerged, across the circle of his mind.

He spoke in words that seemed like a bent and broken stick thrust suddenly into water, destroying the mirror of the shapes they sought. "Jim's not coming back again ever," he said. "He got drowned five years ago."

"Where?" asked the fat woman, surprised.

"Miles from here. In the Medway. Away in Kent."

"Lor!" said the fat woman.

"It's right enough," said Mr. Polly.

"How d'you know?"

"I went to my home."

"Where?"

"Don't matter. I went and found out. He'd been in the water some days. He'd got my clothes, and they'd said it was me."

"They?"

"It don't matter. I'm not going back to them."

The fat woman regarded him silently for some time. Her expression of scrutiny gave way to a quiet satisfaction. Then her brown eyes went to the river.

"Poor Jim," she said. "E 'adn't much Tact—ever."

She added mildly, "I can't 'ardly say I'm sorry."

"Nor me," said Mr. Polly, and got a step nearer the thought in him. "But it don't seem much good his having been alive, does it?"

"E wasn't much good," the fat woman admitted. "Ever."

"I suppose that there were things that were good to him," Mr. Polly speculated. "They weren't *our* things."

His hold slipped again. "I often wonder about life," he said weakly.

He tried again. "One seems to start in life," he said, "expecting something. And it doesn't happen. And it doesn't matter. One starts with ideas that things are good and things are bad—and it hasn't much relation to what is good and what is bad. I've always been the sceptaceous sort, and it's always seemed rot to me to pretend men know good from evil. It's just what I've never done. No Adam's apple ever stuck in my throat, Ma'am. I don't own to it."

He reflected.

"I set fire to a house—once."

The fat woman started.

"I don't feel sorry for it. I don't believe it was a bad thing to do—any more than burning a toy, like I did once when I was a baby. I nearly killed myself with a razor. Who hasn't?—anyhow gone as far as thinking of it? Most of my time I've been half dreaming. I married like a dream almost. I've never really planned my life, or set out to live. I happened; things happened to me. It's so with everyone. Jim couldn't help himself. I shot at him, and tried to kill him. I dropped the gun and he got it. He very nearly had me. I wasn't a second too soon—ducking. . . . Awkward—that night was. . . . Ma'am. . . . But I don't blame him—come to that. Only I don't see what it's all up to. . . ."

"Like children playing about in a nursery. Hurt themselves at times."

"There's something that doesn't mind us," he resumed presently. "It isn't what we try to get that we get, it isn't the good we think we do is good. What makes us happy isn't our trying, what makes others happy isn't our trying. There's a sort of character people like, and stand up for, and a sort they won't. You got to work it out, and take the consequences."

Miriam was always trying.

"Who was Miriam?" asked the fat woman.

"No one you know. But she used to go about with her brows knit, trying not to do whatever she wanted to do—if ever she did want to do anything—"

He lost himself.

"You can't help being fat," said the fat woman, after a pause, trying to get up to his thoughts.

"You can't," said Mr. Polly.

"It helps, and it hinders."

"Like my upside down way of talking."

"The magistrates wouldn't 'ave kept on the licence to me if I 'adn't been fat. . . ."

"Then what have we done," said Mr. Polly, "to get an evening like this? Lord! Look at it!" He sent his arm round the great curve of the sky.

"If I was a nigger or an Italian I should come out here and sing. I whistle sometimes, but, bless you, it's singing I've got in my mind. Sometimes I think I live for sunsets."

"I don't see that it does you any good always looking at sunsets, like you do," said the fat woman.

"Nor me. But I do. Sunsets and things I was made to like."

"They don't help you," said the fat woman thoughtfully.

"Who cares?" said Mr. Polly.

A deeper strain had come to the fat woman. "You got to die some day," she said.

"Some things I can't believe," said Polly suddenly, "and one is your being a skeleton. . . ." He pointed his hand towards the neighbour's hedge. "Look at 'em—against the yellow—and they're just stinging nettles. Nasty weeds—if you count things by their uses. And no help in the life hereafter. But just look at the look of them!"

"It isn't only looks," said the fat woman.

"Whenever there's signs of a good sunset, and I'm not too busy," said Mr. Polly, "I'll come and sit out here."

The fat woman looked at him with eyes in which contentment struggled with some obscure reluctant protest, and at last turned them slowly to the black nettle pagodas against the golden sky.

"I wish we could," she said.

"I will."

The fat woman's voice sank nearly to the inaudible.

"Not always," she said.

Mr. Polly was some time before he replied. "Come here always, when I'm a ghost," he replied.

"Spoil the place for others," said the fat woman, abandoning her moral solicitudes for a more congenial point of view.

"Not my sort of ghost wouldn't," said Mr. Polly, emerging from another long pause. "I'd be a sort of diaphanous feeling—just mellowish and warmish like. . . ."

They said no more, but sat in the warm twilight, until at last they could scarcely distinguish each other's faces. They were not so much thinking, as lost in a smooth, still quiet of the mind. A bat flitted by.

"Time we was going in, O' Party," said Mr. Polly, standing up. "Supper to get. It's as you say, we can't sit here for ever."

We should like to know where the similarity to the "poor old priest and his housekeeper" comes in. To find Mr. Wells hiding behind the old cheap suggestion about the wickedness in the minds of his readers is really too pathetic. When a man paints an improper picture and assures us that he had no intention of painting an improper picture, and that its impropriety exists only in the mind of the beholder, we know what to make of him. If Mr. Wells wishes to know what is wrong with Mr. Polly we can tell him. Mr. Polly is simply one of those feeble scoundrels which persons of Mr. Wells's cast of mind delight to honour and glorify. He is a man who, finding himself in a difficulty, shirks it in the meanest way; he sets fire to his shop and deserts his wife, and this because he was troubled. Now, Mr. Wells and the people who write with him admire this sort of invertebrate and degraded cowardice. The whole suggestion of the Polly book is that because Mr. Polly suddenly discovers that he has a soul above keeping a hosiery shop he is perfectly justified in throwing over every moral, social, and marital tie in order that he may go away and be happy. It is this same obsession about "soul" and the imperativeness of the soul's dictates that renders the whole foul socialistic crew so keen on "voluntary" relationships between the sexes and easy, speedy, frequent, and cheap divorce. Any puling ass who has entered into the state of matrimony is to be at liberty at any moment to leave his wife and family to starve or go on the rates, provided always that the puling ass's soul demands that he should change his wife or the locality in which he resides.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Wells has been preaching, wittingly or unwittingly, the most nefarious doctrines ever since he became an avowed Socialist. People have begun to find him out and to cold-shoulder him accordingly. The fathers of families are no longer disposed to admit Mr. Wells's social novels into their households without question, and this hurts Mr. Wells very much both in the heart-strings and in the pocket. So that he would now whip round and assure us that when he writes novels which by implication, at any rate, advocate loose methods of life, it has never occurred to him that he was engaged in such advocacy and that nobody but wicked people would believe it of him. And he would like the world to observe that he is an entirely high-minded young gentleman, who writes perfectly harmless and blameless novels, and who is most anxious to remain in the world's good graces. All that he has ever meant, bless you, is the State endowment of motherhood. When Mr. Wells is a few years older he will probably discover that even the much despised marriage laws are not the result of propaganda or legislation or "reform" or the shouting of agitators, but are simply based on natural morality. Natural morality, we are pleased to think, is the greatest and ultimately the most powerful of human forces, and it is a force which neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. George Bernard Shaw nor any of their unhealthy followers and admirers can hope to combat. Nor do we believe that either Mr. Wells or Mr. Shaw really wishes to get rid of the broad principles of decent life. Mr. Wells lives with his lawfully wedded wife

at Church Row, Hampstead. Mr. George Bernard Shaw is most careful to live with his lawfully wedded wife somewhere in the Adelphi. The marriage law suits Mr. Wells quite admirably, and it suits Mr. George Bernard Shaw down to the ground. Neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Shaw has ventured to tell us that he would have the marriage law altered or modified because in his own particular case it has worked hard upon him. Wells is happy with his wife; Shaw is happy with his wife. The marriage law does not trouble them in the least; they like it, and they live snugly under its provisions and protections.

Yet both these men either directly or by implication are continually informing the world at large that happiness lies in the direction of all sorts of disreputable ways of living which must virtually make marriage a dead letter. Why do they do it? Does Mr. Wells care twopence that there is some poor devil in, say, Camden Town, whose wife is a termagant? Does Mr. Shaw care twopence when things come to such a pass with another poor devil in, say, Walworth, that he and his wife have to arrange a separation? The troubles of humanity are nothing to Wells and nothing to Shaw. All they want is literary "success" and the money that success brings. They are both Socialists; yet they are both wealthy men as literary men go. And both of them have discovered that there is a certain amount of cash in naughtiness, and neither of them has scrupled to rake it in. Wells and Shaw have their own consciences, and it is not for us to keep their consciences for them. But we have never hesitated to condemn such of their writings as appeared to us dangerous or undesirable. Mr. Wells accuses us of misrepresenting him; he accuses us of suppressing the arguments by which he "smashed" a person who wrote of him in the *Daily Mail*. We have not misrepresented Mr. Wells and we have not suppressed his arguments. In point of fact, on the original issue as to whether Mr. Wells is or is not a person who has advocated the abolition of the family, he has never produced any argument at all. He admits that he wishes to substitute for the family as it is understood by simple people what he is pleased to call the "State family," which admittedly cannot be a family. That is the real issue. It is characteristic of Mr. Wells and the Socialists generally that when you pin them on an issue they drop it and raise another one. Mr. Wells has said in print that anybody who accused him of being an advocate of the abolition of the family is a "liar." It seems to us that any person who says that Mr. Wells is *not* an advocate for the abolition of the family fails to speak the truth. In any case, Mr. Wells has proved to us that he is a great artist on the card, and very handy with a mental reservation. He has also proved by his letter to us that he does not know what it means to be steady under criticism, and that with all his professed anxiety for truth he has no scruple about throwing dust in the eyes of the lookers-on. To suggest that Mr. Polly and his fat alewife are to be likened by reasonable persons to a "poor old priest and his housekeeper" is simply cunning impertinence.

For the rest we have no desire in the world to be unfair either to Mr. Wells or to anybody else. We leave people who have read "Ann Veronica" and "Mr. Polly," and who will trouble to read the long extract we have given from "Mr. Polly," to judge for themselves. We cannot possibly know what was in Mr. Wells's mind while he wrote the book. But what he has got out of his mind is plain for all of us to see. And while we do not suggest that "Mr. Polly" on the whole is an outrageously offensive or immoral book, or, for that matter, "Ann Veronica" is an outrageously offensive or immoral book, we do say that both of them exhibit a treatment of life, and a view of what is desirable and reasonable in human life, which is at once perverse and stupid and calculated to work great harm in the minds and lives of the unthoughtful and the unstable. No amount of explanation or accusation on the part of Mr. Wells will get us away from this

position, and if he does not like what we have said about him he must do us the favour to lump it.

We may be accused of dragging the name of Mr. G. B. Shaw into this criticism wantonly and unnecessarily, but, in point of fact, we look upon Mr. Shaw as the fountain and origin and only begetter of Mr. Wells's heresies. We must remember that Mr. Wells originally came into the literary field as a worker in fiction who adopted as his special "line" the exploitation of the "marvels of science" and "progress." Of course, he has written books out of his department—for example, "Love and Mr. Lewisham." But for years he managed to keep out of his fictional writing the direct anti-marriage and anti-family propaganda. It was not until Mr. Shaw came along with his propaganda in a play or so that Mr. Wells found it necessary to embark in these waters. In the main, when marriage and the family are toward, Wells thinks and says what Shaw has thought and said. And if there had been no "Getting Married" by George Bernard Shaw, it seems to us that there would have been no "Ann Veronica" by H. G. Wells. And there might conceivably have been no "Mr. Polly." So that Mr. Shaw has a great deal to answer for, and we find ourselves unable to dissociate him from Mr. Wells's State motherhood and State family. Furthermore, Mr. Shaw was complaining the other day in the *Times* that the adverse criticism to which certain of his plays have been subjected has cost him "some thousands of pounds"; and although Mr. Wells does not in as many words raise the same complaint, we can well understand that it stirs in his heart, and that he would say Amen to everything Mr. Shaw has said on this particular head. The Shaw-Wells view of literature evidently is that you may write dangerous and unwholesome stuff for the purpose of drawing attention to yourself and obtaining "some thousands of pounds," and that adverse criticism is unjust and unfair merely because it prevents you from obtaining "some thousands of pounds." If Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are to have their way, criticism must cease altogether. Even the mildest objections to a play or a book might be proved to have involved the author in monetary loss, though it were so small a loss as his share of the price of a single stall or his royalty on a single book. Clearly, if such loss is produced to the public gain a right-minded author should not grumble. Messrs. Shaw and Wells must learn that if they embark on questionable businesses they must take the risk of those businesses and pay the penalty when it happens to be imposed. Their special brand of doubtful matter has had its vogue, and they have taken their profit on it. Now that its day is over and the public will have no more of it, they must try a new "lay." The whines of Shaw and the hysterics of Wells will help nobody.

THE DREAM

I.

Out from the hemlock wood I came
Into no country of the world;
My steed, a hoof of crescent flame
Struck without sound on sward empearled
With flowers, so still they seemed to be
The flowers that bloomed beneath a sea.

Up to a castle old and grey,
With drawbridge chains half worn away
By rust, the red moth of decay,
I rode, and crossed a trembling bridge
Into a courtyard that enclosed
Nor echo, nor the sound of midge
A'buzz, nor whine of hound that dozed.

Amidst the brambles and the thorn,
Upon the flags a gauntlet lay,
Flung there upon some hunting morn,
Gone now as is the winter's day
That saw to tune of hound and horn
That chase stream over bank and brae.

II.

Gazing from out a casement old,
A lady drew mine eyes to her.
Her hair was like ripe corn for gold;
A little cloak of fox's fur
Covered her shoulders, whilst her eyes
Were fixed upon the far-off skies
Whose wizard blue no wing did stir.
Then, reining in, to her I cried,
"O lady at the casement wide,
What messenger from where doth ride,
Bearing thee 'Luck!' or 'Woe betide!'
And is it Love, or is it War,
Burning before thee like a star?
"And who has kept thee lingering so,
Whilst here the wizard winds do blow
On fading flowers, on fading snow?
Whilst here below thee in the keep
The violets fair have bloomed and died?"
Vanished the castle as she sighed,
Leaving on air the whisper "Sleep."

III.

I reined beside a woodland dell
Where fiercely, like a red flower, blew
A battle, archers aiming well
Sharpened their elbows as they drew
The bowstrings, and the vanquished fell,
Mixing their hearts' blood with the dew.
Up rose the white swords one and all,
And fell, and rose, red as the Rose;
Columns to soundless trumpet-call
Advanced, and fell 'neath soundless blows.
I sat and watched. Betwixt us lay
A great old hedge of English may,
Robbed of its scent since that far day.
I cried, "O men of arms, ye slay
For what? And what crown shall ye keep
Of those ye win?"
"Sleep," answered they,
Vanishing at the dark word "Sleep."

IV.

And then I found a little town.
It sat within a valley's lap,
Its battlements at me did frown,
Its houses each an iron cap
Did seem to wear.
An archer paced
Before its gates with vizor closed,
And right, and left, and right he faced,
Whilst at the gates a wolf-hound dozed.
I saw the merchants in the mart,
Soundless, like figures in brocade;
Jews with a lean hand to the heart,
And goldsmiths whose black hammers made
No sound upon the ruddy gold;
Flax-headed children, women old;
And here a man who clasped a maid.
I cried, "Who art thou, Archer, then,
Guarding these locked by silence in?
Who placed thee here, and when, I pray?"
Then came the answer from within
The vizor, like an echo thin,
"Sleep," and the vision passed away.

V.

I reined where in an orchard old,
Beneath the apples red and gold,
Fair children chased the butterflies
Betwixt the trees, beneath the skies.
And, as I watched them at their play,

They, tiring, cast themselves and lay
Where grew in shadow dim and deep
The crimson poppies strewn by Sleep.
Then, said I, Childhood, Life, and War,
All of this wizard vassals are.
Is there in time no dream, no star
That he may touch not, neither mar?
And then I saw a man and maid,
Across the fields with spring flowers laid;
Grew amarantths where they had strayed,
And said a voice:
"Behold! these stray
Taking through all the lands of May,
Taking through life the fairest way,
To find that unknown field where dwells
Sleep 'midst the ghostly asphodels."

THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY

Yes, the philosophers have failed, but how hopelessly will be understood only by those who know how well they have previously succeeded. As this seems to require some explanation, it may be added that it is only those who have once believed who know the bitterness of unbelief, those who have tried and seemed to succeed who know the real abysses of failure. Many an artist or poet whom the world has acknowledged and, in its own way, honoured knows himself nevertheless, like the broken-spirited Paracelsus, a failure. He compares his youth's "chief aims," his brave first beginnings, and what once seemed possible with his achievement, and recognises how utterly he has failed to accomplish what once seemed so reasonably possible, or win what appeared almost within his grasp. The poet or philosopher, perhaps, set out with an idea of doing what no man had ever before accomplished or even dreamed of accomplishing, of discovering some truth or truths which should break new circles in the cycles of human experience; and instead of this, after all his labour, he finds that he has merely added a few more volumes to the millions which rest on library and publishers' shelves, from which, in fact, in their general character and content, they are indistinguishable. Yes, on looking back upon his work he knows and must admit that he has failed, and failed ignominiously. His books are but the records of his adventures and hopes, of how again and again he caught a glimpse of the mysterious gleam, and how it again vanished:—

For one fair vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we followed where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen
And fixt upon the far sea-line,
And each man murmur'd "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."
And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air . . .

But in spite of his repeated failures, he yet hopes, if the divine spark still burns, to leave a permanent record of the spirit of Truth and Beauty he has occasionally himself so unmistakably seen. This feverish ambition and hope to break entirely new ground in the fields of expression has been uttered more or less clearly by all truly inspired poets:—

Something I'll sing as yet as new unsung
By any other human tongue.

Or, if this may be supposed to be Bacchus-inspired:

But, hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light;
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
The immortal rhetoric rehearse.

Or for an even better example we may turn to our own Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":—

Sudden thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy;

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine. Have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes; even now,
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned hours
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night.
They know that never joy illumined my brow
Unlinked with hope; that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

Such are the transports from which poets have outpoured their songs, and surely no man came nearer rehearsal of immortal rhetoric than Shelley in his happiest moments; but how he also failed we know from a score of his tear-distilled stanzas. Every new poem or thought, in fact, is, or should be, an attempt to say that which has never before been uttered, or to think and express what has never before been thought. It always appears to the poet-adventurer or truth-seeker that he may at any moment stumble upon some new and amazing discovery, or turn some "secret of the gods to light," and with every new perception or "thought" he feels that he has in some measure succeeded, until for him its novelty has worn away. Like the treasure-seeker of some old tale, he never finds that unknown good which he always labours to find, but he turns to light many objects of rare and curious interest, and perhaps some articles of value for which he was not looking. He has more in kin with the medieval alchemist who spent his life in searching for the elixir of life or the philosopher's stone than is generally suspected, and poetry and philosophy are merely the experiments which are made to extract or discover truth in the crucible of the passions, and their value is thus necessarily experimental.

But we must agree that in spite of their achievement all these labourers have failed in the profession of Truth and Divine Philosophy. One by one have they addressed their steps to the Dark Tower, but none has returned to tell of the Demon who inhabits it. Some, we know, have done well, and very well, but looking back over the long record of their names and achievements, who among them has unfolded to us the vital and essential truth, the last secret? The elixir of happiness is not known yet, nor has any answer been given to the Sphinx-riddle of life and death. To which of the poets or counsellors shall we ourselves turn in the day of sickness

when life seems bare
And grinning in its vanity . . .

. . . and foul
As a fair witch turned an old hag at night?

What poet will make good our own personal loss, or, when life is like a "Fury slinging flame," restore us to serenity and happiness again? The poet, far less than the physician, is able to exorcise pain. He will confess this willingly and assure us that his message is not to the sick and invalid, but to the young, the happy, and the strong. I have, he admits, no remedy even for my own griefs when these fall upon me:

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing;
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years;
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

So much for the poets. But to the philosopher, surely, says one, we have a reasonable right to look for service and deliverance. There is very little difference between them, and the philosopher, when all is said, is in no better case than the poet, and may be in a worse. He, too, as a rule, is concerned not with the present, but with a distant future, and perhaps with what is always, and will remain, distant. His eyes are for ever fixed, like the poet's, upon the "far sea-line," and he has no answer for the present pressing ills. "Philosophy," says Walter Pater, "serves culture, not by the fancied gift of absolute

or transcendental knowledge, but by suggesting questions which help one to detect the passion and strangeness and dramatic contrasts of life." Philosophy leads us to expect more in the sense of applicable knowledge and wisdom than poetry, but it is an hallucination. The philosopher's pleasure, too, lies only in pursuit and discovery, as with the poet, even although his philosophy takes the form of exhortations and moral maxims like those of Epictetus, Seneca, or Marcus Aurelius. They are simply the memoranda of experience, and very often mere exercises in wit and examples of very sophistical reasoning. Scores of examples of this kind might be quoted, but as Hume has already cited a number of instances in his essay on "The Sceptic," it is not required for the present purpose. But it would be a not unentertaining venture to make a volume of shallow maxims selected from celebrated philosophers, the weakness in each being indicated. But apart from these, let us think carefully of the sayings of the very wisest of sages, of the myriad numbers of maxims, precepts, exhortations, apophthegms, counsels, "discoveries," which have been written since Confucius, and ask which of them all we can invariably remember with the certain hope of recovering contentment in moments of despondency and gloom. There were no doubt many which pleased us by their wit or by their truth on their first discovery, but who "can think of one which is very much to the purpose at the moment it is wanted"? One might as well, as Hume remarks, pretend to cure himself of love by viewing his mistress through the artificial medium of a microscope, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the artificial arguments of a Seneca or Epictetus. But we have another witness of another temper in Matthew Arnold, who laments in some of the most dismal doggerel he ever penned—

The thoughts that rain their steady glow
Like stars on life's cold sea,
Which others know, or say they know,
They never shone for me.
Thoughts light like gleams my spirit's sky,
But they will not remain;
They light me once, they hurry by,
And never come again.

A man would, in fact, be much more wisely employed in making his own maxims and consolations from his own wit and experience than in seeking through all the sages those which seem to suit his purpose. The wise are, in fact, those who have done so, and the wisest are wise only for themselves; they cannot be wise for others. It is not to be assumed, however, that the poet and philosopher are to be censured for this. If they have all failed it is because they were foredoomed to failure. All art, poetry, and philosophy is an attempt to find permanence amidst perishable things. It is like the making of sculptures out of snow. "If," says Spinoza, "the soul is united with some other thing which is and remains unchangeable, it must also remain unchangeable and permanent." And thus the artist, the poet, and the philosopher are for ever seeking an anchorage in something permanent, in Beauty or in Truth, and until this is accomplished nothing else seems worth their attention. It is, each knows, not his function to cure aches and sprains or to provide remedies for temporary and particular evils. He does what he best can, and leaves the present to the physician, the philanthropist, and the politician.

POETS' SONGS AND MUSIC

POETRY can be divided broadly into two classes: poetry which seems to embody and is near to the source of music, and that in which the music seems more intellectual and verbal, or dependent upon the mere artifices of rhythm and sound. In other words, poetry has temperature, and is warmer or colder, as the case may be, according to its distance from the source of music. A comparison of English lyrical poetry with that of Germany, especially in the poets' songs, will suggest this difference, or, to keep our

comparison at home, between Burns and Swinburne or Browning and Shelley, in each of whom, passing from one to the other, one instantly experiences a change of temperature. This difference is by no means to be confused with another one which is almost as distinct—in that of the lyrical or singing function of the poet—because no poet is more supremely lyrical or sings more passionately than Shelley or, at times, Swinburne and Tennyson, and yet by comparison with Burns or even Browning in his best lyrics and songs these poets will seem to the imagination cold. This difference is not, however, confined to the lyric or song, because one experiences a similar difference of tone or temperature in turning from the blank verse of Tennyson or any modern poet, except, perhaps, Browning, to that of Milton, in which we seem to hear music corporeally, but with a closed door between ourselves and the sound, just as we may hear the music within a cathedral through its walls. And if we begin to inquire into the poets' habits of composition, we find that it is just this matter of the influence of music upon the mind of the poet which accounts for this difference, and confirms the suspicion that it arises from this relation to actual music, and depends upon the distance of the poet from the source of music. Thus, Milton and Browning, we learn, each found that organ music harmonised and sublimated his emotions. Burns, whose songs are the most considerable and permanent proportion of his work, composed with an existing tune running in his head, but Shelley, Swinburne, and Rossetti were either indifferent to, or disliked, music. Upon the Continent, in Germany, France, and Italy, music and poetry have always been more *en rapport* and interactive than in this country, and the influence of the poets upon the composers and the composers upon the poets is equally apparent. In England we have, of course, never had any native music to compare with that of Germany and Italy, and this is evident in our poetry. The difference is akin to that of landscape, which is the result of climate, and that of England aesthetically has nearly always been colder than that of Germany, France, and Italy. This relation of music to poetry and lyric to song may, however, easily be exaggerated and misunderstood, and some critics have even argued an inferiority in English poets to those of the Continent, because so few of our own poets have, at least since the last days of Elizabethan drama, written songs which may be sung. The lack of musical environment and education in the majority of the English poets, who were consequently out of touch with music as a living language of aesthetic or emotion, is no doubt partly responsible for this, but it is by no means a sure canon for the value of lyrical poetry, or Thomas Moore would rank among the chief English poets. It is, perhaps, true that the large body of English lyrical verse is too purely intellectual in its music and emotion, and lacking in musical "warmth," but it does not follow that the song which will sing or lend itself to a musical accompaniment is therefore the best lyric. This is, indeed, to confuse two entirely distinct and complete arts—poetry and music—which, although they may prenationally influence each other, nevertheless can never blend even in a song.

For a song, if it is to be also a poem with a lyrical value of its own, must not depend upon music or the singer for its complete expression, or it will be that much less a poem, and will belong more correctly to the art of music than to poetry. For the purpose of singing, as it has not infrequently been remarked, almost any words which are suitably vowelled and accented and agreeable in sentiment will answer the purpose, and if they have any value as poetry it will be superfluous to the song and be lost in the act of singing. It is, indeed, quite impossible that a song can have a bipartite value or existence as music and poetry at the same moment, although when the words are not sung, but read to their own rhythmic and atmospheric music, they may make a poem. But in the very act of singing this value will be exchanged for another, and they are now not poetry, but an accompaniment to music. A poem cannot be sung, any more than can a painting. The

number of lyrics which have been harmonised without this sudden sense of loss is very small in this country, probably because they were not intended for singing, and many of them have been mutilated in the process mercilessly. Poetry cannot breathe the same atmosphere or live within any measurable distance of music after creation, because as poetry it contains its own music assimilated, and it cannot be again resolved or disintegrated into music without ceasing to be poetry, and most frequently even this is impossible. At the very first note of embodied music (not the mere idea or recollection of it, which is a different matter) the spirit of poetry takes instantaneous wing, and flies faster than light from the presence; it is affrighted, overwhelmed, annihilated. If this is doubted, let any reader try to read or recall the spirit-presence of some favourite poem with the sound of music surging upon his ears, and he will realise that the breath has gone out of the body, and that only the corpse of the poem remains. Complete stillness is, indeed, a necessary condition for the right understanding of a poem, and even an elocutionist will fail to convey its finer sense unless one is already familiar with its beauty. On the other hand, it is interesting to notice parenthetically music lends a grace, an atmosphere, and a charm to painting, blending with, rather than obliterating, its beauty, and thus creating an atmosphere of poetry.

This comparison with music, it may be objected, however, is not strictly legitimate, because one might say that it is equally impossible to appreciate two poems, songs, or any two aesthetic ideas at an identical moment, and the true comparison should be only between a song as music and a song as a lyric, or between the words and music of the same song. But here again the same principle applies, because in the case of the perfect song, which appears to be both poetry and music, it is not the poem which is sung, but merely the words or syllables which go to make it. One cannot sing a poem, because it ceases to be a poem in the act of singing. Its finer and more ethereal essence has been left behind. The soul of a song in rendering is music, and its soul as a lyrical poem is just as certainly dissipated by the sound as that of any other lyric of which we may be thinking at the moment the first sound assails the sense. This is again suggested by the circumstance already noted, that in the majority of cases any other words suitably vowelled and sensed to make an easy accompaniment, but of no inhibitory value as poetry, may in most cases be substituted without making any very serious difference to the song, and thus a song or tune frequently outwears many patterns of words which have been fitted to it, and many songs still await a suitable verse-investiture. For in a song the words are never more than a mere accompaniment to the air or music, conveying, possibly, a similar sentiment or atmosphere by association and, perhaps, suggestion; but to mould words in this manner upon an already completed pattern of music is not the best manner of writing poetry, although Burns and some others have succeeded in it, but in his case and that of others who have succeeded it is not the music which makes the poetry. Burns and, perhaps, Béranger succeeded in writing poetry rather in spite of this adventitious and artificial assistance than by its aid, and because the poet cunningly borrowed the existing tune to express in his own language some love or other passion of his own; and it was, indeed, Burns' recipe for writing a song to fall in love and hum some agreeable air within his head until suitable corresponding words suggested themselves to him. But it is not by such a method of writing upon a pattern of sound that the greatest poetry is written, and probably all poetry so written, unless the assimilation of the poet's passion with his music is complete, is spurious as poetry, and requires to be sung to its original tune to be understood perfectly; in which case, of course, it will cease to be poetry and become merely an accompaniment to the original air and ancillary to it. As a poem it must have a soul and a passion of its own, and at most suggest the music which assisted it into expression; and if it is

sung this lyrical soul will for the time being depart from it. For this kind of composition poetry is, one may say, superfluous, and the songs of Thomas Moore, who was much less a poet, answer the purpose of singing quite as successfully as those of Burns. The words of his Irish melodies are each like a touch upon a harp-string, no sooner evoked than vanished, and are not themselves of any original value or significance. They share in the music's apparent evanescence, and linger upon the ear no longer than the notes which they attend. These, like those of Burns, suggest the music which prompted them, but, unlike Burns', they leave nothing else behind, because the poet in the first place brought nothing of his own to them.

The reason why words written for music in this manner or upon patterns of sound already provided so seldom deserve to be styled poetry, even when written by a poet, is because the poetry is made ancillary to the music, instead of the music to the poetry. The music is not assimilated. The songs even of the best poets, when written for music, rarely equal the songs which he sings to himself as a natural expression of his own happiness—

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love which overflows her bower.

One can, indeed, observe a very clear distinction between poets' songs and singing and songs written for music, or to music, as the case may be, as, for example, between those of Tennyson or Browning, and those which are sprinkled through the Elizabethan drama. The former are, in fact, poets' songs, and do not profess to do any other kind of singing. They contain their own sweetness and singing quality, which is lost if one tries to sing them to any other music than this of their own. The song is in a sense static. The first essential of a good lyric is, in fact, that it shall sing without singing. Its music, as well as its painting, is accomplished only by suggestion, and this is the art of poetry. To go one step further and try to accomplish what has been suggested, either by music or painting, is to be deceived by the illusion, and the poem is lost in the very attempt. Perhaps this is the perfection of the poet's art. He can not only move our passions by his elegiac or other verse, but he can also paint and sing without ever forsaking poesy. He can sing just as he can speak without calling in a sister art, and accomplishes other arts within his own. Any other music is superfluous to the poet's song unless it was written to or for music, in which case it will belong to a separate class and have a different and often inferior quality. Poetry written upon a pattern of sound is perhaps in some measure parasitical if it is in any serious degree dependent upon the music.

Poetry contains its own music, but this music is very different from that of the musician. Poetry, as Mill has observed, is not heard, but overheard. Absolute music is positively antagonistic to the subtler, soundless music of poetry. The true poet does not depend upon music, except perhaps subliminally, at any single point, and as it has been observed, even does his own singing. Musical setting is, or should be, just as superfluous to his songs as it is to his non-lyrical verse, or that in which he uses his speaking, rather than his singing, voice. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter, says Keats; but that is a matter of opinion, and the point here is only that they are disparate and cannot co-exist in a song. It is true that when the poet sings, his lyric sometimes seems hardly able to contain itself in verse and to ask for some more unlimited means of expression, as in music; but at the same time this is an illusion of sense, and if the translation or transition is attempted, the soul of the lyric is lost, and it must as music be judged by a different standard. It has exchanged a certain value for an uncertain value, and it may lose or gain in the change according to the genius of the composer, but it cannot remain a lyric in song. There is no point at which poetry may become music, or any bridge by which one may pass

between them. In music it exchanges its environment. It is doubtful whether any poem can be translated into original music or a song, or whether any song as music can be translated into a poem, because in music its value as poetry goes for nothing, and in poetry its value as music goes for nothing, and the experiment having been made, it must now submit to new æsthetic standards of value. There is no doubt the same difficulty in all translation which, in an absolute sense as art, is probably spurious and artificial, but it is even greater in the languages of æsthetic poetry, music, and painting, because in æsthetics nothing that can be said perfectly in one art can be said as well in another, and no painting ever said the same thing as a poem, just as no two paintings or poems ever say precisely the same thing. The same relation and difficulty exists between poetry and music. Poetry cannot be painted, and it cannot be sung or set to music; one is just as impossible as the other. The words of a lyric may in certain cases be sung agreeably, and the music may seem to shadow something of the same longing or sentiment, and even to intensify it, but this does not constitute the singing of poetry, because its soul as poesy will have departed from it.

Although it may seem difficult to distinguish between the beauty of the poem and the sentiment excited by music enthralling and overpowering all other feelings, the sentiment will most frequently be of an inferior quality, the finer and more ethereal beauty and quality of the poem being left behind or converted into terms of mere similar emotion or sentiment, with all its magic and strangeness of beauty, its mystic atmosphere of timeless being; in fact, its unnameable excellence and restraint as a poem, and its value as static music, dissipated. There will appear to have been no change, and yet everything will have changed. Let us think to ourselves of some of the finest lyrics of Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, or Spenser, and then of some of the musical transcripts we may have heard, and see if this is not the case. There are no doubt some exceptions in our experience in which the composer has surprised us by his success in the apparently impossible; but, nevertheless, the very attempt is abortive, even before it has been begun, and the reason is just this, that to poetry it is superfluous. Enough is as good as a feast. To add music to perfect poetry is to give stock of more to that which already has too much. Music, like the parvenu in literature it often is, generally overdoes the business entirely. It fails because it is bound to fail, like the attempt to scent the violet or paint the lily. If the composer makes us doubt our first feeling in this matter, we turn and suspect our own taste. We are, indeed, hardly inclined to give music a trial, because we know beforehand that the thing cannot be done with the most perfect lyrics. Half the pleasure of a poem, however song-like or lyrical, exists only upon the terms that, although it seems to invite singing, it shall nevertheless not be sung. There is just as much painting or beauty of an inner sense appealing to the inward eye in poetry as there is of music, and it is this finer beauty of the unheard and unseen which is lost in the whirlpool of corporeal embodied emotion and sound. Whether music or poetry is the greater or finer art, and which may ultimately give the greater pleasure, is not the question. One is inclined, perhaps, to give the palm to music, all things considered, but not to music exclusively as song. At present it is only argued that they have a separate existence, and cannot be contemporaneous, and that poetry is overwhelmed or drowned by the facile sweetness of music. This appears to be contradicted by the verse of those poets who could best write under the inspiration of music; but this has already been explained, and the question is not whether Milton composed his verse under the influence of music, but whether his verse can be set to music and sung without surrendering its music as verse, or, in other words, whether it can be completely resolved again into music. The same test may be applied to all poets. One may say that this is never possible in the case of a true poet. It is as impossible in the case of the

Romantics as it is in those of the Classical school of poets. The Romantic poets brought more music into poetry, but it cannot therefore be transmuted more easily into actual music.

It may be remarked that attention has been given in these comments upon song in music only to those songs which have been written to tunes already familiar to the poet and as an accompaniment to them, whereas in by far the greater number of songs, as in Germany, the music was supplied to the poet's words or lyrical songs, and that some of the most perfect songs, as those of Schubert and Goethe or Schumann and Heine, were so written. In the best of these, it has been justly observed, the blending of the poet's song and the music is so perfect that, having once been heard in unison, they seem inseparable, and in most of the songs of Schubert it is possible for a subtle ear to distinguish the poet to whose words the music was written. But in the present article the song is being considered only as literature or lyricism, not as music; and it is music to which these German, and perhaps most French and Italian, songs belong. The principle still holds good that the song cannot be a lyric and a song at the same time. It has not been disputed that a song can be written upon the framework of a lyric or poet's song, or a poem upon the wings of a song, but only that the two things cannot be the same thing at the same time; and a song of this kind will be one or the other, according to whether it be read or sung. In an instance of this sort the words are a casket which will contain either the poetry of the poet or the music of the composer, just as any other transparent vessel will hold several kinds of wine, but it cannot hold an equal quantity of any two at the same moment. Perhaps music which borrows from the poet or is written to the words of a poet's lyrical song bears the same relation to music pure and simple as the poem which is written for music bears to poetry, and there must be complete assimilation before it can have any original value as music. Burns and Béranger succeeded in writing poetry in this manner because they were poets, and Schubert and many other musical song-writers in Germany succeeded in writing songs as music by the reverse process because their natural expression was music; but it is not in this manner that either the best music or the best poetry is, as a rule, written. Schubert merely does in music what Burns does in poetry, but with the difference that German music and German lyricism are more allied to each other *in blood* than music and poetry are, as a rule, in England; and the language, too, of course, is a differentiating factor. These apparent exceptions make no difference to the matter. Success in either case depends merely upon the degree of assimilation. Music, moreover, it should be remembered, being more fluid than poetry, more easily lends itself to the lyric than the lyric can adapt itself to or assimilate music, and hence it is that the poet may often be easily detected through the lighter, more transparent medium of song; but, none the less, this does not make of the song a poem, or of the poem a song.

The precise relation, however, and the relative values of words and music in any given song is a very complex and psychological problem, and does not come within the compass of the present article. Here the question is not whether under such rare conditions as when a Schubert and a Goethe or a Schumann and a Heine co-operate, music and verse may not make an amalgam; it is sufficient here to observe that the two arts of music and poetry are each distinct and complete, and that music is superfluous to poetry at its best, and that poetry is superfluous to music in spite of these apparent exceptions or coincidences. It cannot perhaps be said, as Lamartine said, that they are always and necessarily injured by being combined, but only that the combination is superfluous to either art separately, or, perhaps, as it has already been suggested, that they cannot be concurrent. They have been compared to two circles touching at a single point, but it is, perhaps, a truer illustration to say that they move in different orbits which intersect or partly coincide, but they obey different centres. For it is the vital principle of all true art that it

must be self-contained and complete within itself, that it expresses some vital thought or feeling in the only way possible. And this rule applies just as certainly to the songs of the German poets as to the English poets; it merely happens that the former, arising as they do from emotions nearer to the source of music as song, surrender themselves more easily to music, so that once joined it seems impossible to put them asunder. The song in its real and original sense is a department of music, and does not belong to literature at all. This is just as true of the German and other culture songs in which the composer poured his music into the poet's mould as when the poet writes upon the pattern of a melody already in existence. There is no necessary or vital relation in either case. The pure song is a thing without words, and the words act merely as a peg upon which to hang the song and assist the singer in articulation and interpretation. They are, in fact, a kind of memorising device to assist in distribution or circulation among the people (the art of musical notation is of comparatively recent development), because no person could be expected to sing an air *tonic-sol-fa* fashion. It is true that these words may seem to give an habitation and a name to certain musical and emotional states, but it is not essential that these words should have a separate value as poetry. Nor can it be supposed that words are necessary to the spirit of a song. If Wordsworth, for example, had been able to distinguish the words of the song which he heard the solitary reaper sing, it would not, we may suppose, have heightened his imaginative pleasure in the lay; probably on the contrary, not distinguishing the words, he was able to interpret the true mystical meaning of the music more truly than if he had been familiar with them. Things which are themselves shadows are, perhaps, best expressed by shadows. And here in this poem we have an apt illustration of the true relation of song to lyric: the poem is suggested by and suggests music lingering around us, as the song itself did around the poet, but any musical setting which may be imagined to the solitary reaper would destroy it as a lyric. The words of a song in music are, indeed, in some degree a veil to its elemental musical meaning, and in the same manner music or singing is a veil, as Schumann said, to the words and lyrical sense of a song. Just as singing always obscures the ordinary intellectual or common household-meaning of the words of a song, it also obscures and destroys their beauty and meaning as a poem. The qualities most essential in the words of a song are quite different from those necessary to a poem; for in a song the words are merely the pipes along which the music sounds are sent, but their literary unity or intellectual sense is of secondary and negative importance. It is only required that they shall not alter or efface the music, and that they shall aid it as far as possible. Perhaps the same rule applies somewhat peculiarly when the music is written to the words of a song, and this, indeed, was the opinion of Weber. He remarks that any music which obscures or alters the sense of the poet's song is a failure. One may say whimsically that in such cases the music is written backwards. The poet has merely suggested a subject and supplied a skeleton form to the composer, who then completes or fills in this outline with his own emotion and music; and in how much this resembles that of the poet depends upon how near the poet himself was to the source of music and the subtlety of the assimilation and reproduction. But its value now does not lie in poetry, but in music, and must be judged as music. The same rule applies to those songs in which, as in those of Brahms, the music seems sometimes to lead and sometimes to follow the voice, or as in those of Mendelssohn, written to words, the poet's simple verse is obscured in a labyrinth of sweet sound. The words, whether themselves of any original lyrical-singing or poetical quality or not, will be merely ancillary to the music, even in those cases in which, as in those of Schubert, identification seems complete, and the poet's words appear to be the final cause of the song. If an illustration has any value as evidence, the poet's song is like a wheel whirling upon its own axle, but in music

it is like the same wheel thrown off its centre and revolving upon its rim along the ground.

It is not, however, to be inferred from these reflections that music is to be therefore eschewed and avoided by the poet. On the contrary, poetry can only gain by being brought nearer to the source of music, and perhaps English verse suffers from the estrangement between the poet and the musician. It is only upon immediate comparison or propinquity of any particular poem and musical composition that poetry "pales its ineffectual fire" and seems to be "put out." The influence of music upon the poet is undoubtedly best when it is indirect. The music must, in fact, be unconsciously assimilated and reproduced as poetry, but not moulded to it or adapted to sing; its music must be its own, and the song sing itself. It will, in fact, be music no longer in the musician's sense, and, indeed, after this transformation has been accomplished in the poet's crucible, it can never again be music without ceasing to be poetry. The greatest poet is perhaps he who can reproduce music most completely assimilated to serve his own purposes, and without losing the quality of intellectual passion and painting. Poetry in which music has been, or is, unconsciously assimilated in this manner most perfectly is always of a lighter and more ethereal mass than poetry which is leavened by it in a less degree; it has a heat, a lilt, and an abandonment which one never finds in the most supremely lyrical poetry of purely intellectual poets. This kind of music does not appear to depend in the least upon metrical or verbal rhythms and effects, but is experienced, one may say, in the atmosphere, and is, as it has already been observed, a difference in harmonic temperature. It is nearer in source to music. Thus the influence of music upon Browning is not to be detected in his rhythms, but one seems to hear it behind them, difficult and obscure as his verses often are. Music and thought seem often to be struggling together for expression. All poetry might, perhaps, be weighed in these scales, and its mass and musical temperature registered, if any device were possible other than the ear or taste. The poet is always nearer or farther from the source of music, and inasmuch as he approaches it all poetry which is more removed will seem cold and thin by comparison. Thus, even Swinburne will seem brassy after the orbic music of Milton or the symphonic orchestration of Browning or Whitman, although as metricists, of course, or masters of melody no comparison whatever is possible; and Whitman's singing, although genuine in emotion and intention, is in quality often rancous. In Browning music is often not only the theme, but lies behind his rhythms, in spite of the retarding obscurity of the intellectual meanings of the words. It is the music of many voices or instruments blending. His songs are in general choruses, as in the Cavalier tunes, but how spontaneously even the least of his songs sings—

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart,
In this my singing.

He sings out of the abandonment of a robust and joyous heart, and although his voice has not the cloying and seductive sweetness of Tennyson, he is perhaps nearer the source of music. He has, in fact, the soul of music in him, and makes of his words pipes, and sings or plays through them. Even in "Evelyn Hope," before he has ended he is writing in pure rhythm and yearning musical tone.

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold;
So, hush, I give you this leaf to keep.

There is also all the abandonment, all the self-surrender, of music in the prayer of the woman:

Be a god and hold me
With a charm;
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm.
Teach me, only teach, Love,
As I ought.

I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought.

In some other poems of Browning it is as if one saw him at the organ, and as if he was merely touching the keys—
Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings,
What they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were the Kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings.

In "The Last Ride Together" the words seem sublimated into a steady current of rhythmic sound:

And you, great sculptor, so you gave
A score of years to art her slave;
And that's your Venus—whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn.
You acquiesce, and shall I repine?

In the well-known song from "Paracelsus" the organ, however, gives place to the orchestra:

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament.

There is a fullness of tone, however, in all Browning's verse which suggests a volume of agreeable sounds just behind the sense, "overheard rather than heard," and only shut out by a door which is sometimes closed and occasionally ajar. In his songs there is the very heart and passion of singing, clogged as the utterance often is. The songs contained within "In a Gondola" are perhaps the best examples. Browning, however, has been taken merely as a single illustration of this influence of music upon poetry; but it would be interesting to go through the whole of the greater and more characteristic English poets, applying this musical test, which is, however, not within the scope of the present article. Yet be it remembered that this music in poetry is never music itself, nor can it be argued that the poet who can assimilate and reproduce music most realistically is of necessity the greatest poet. It depends upon what else he brings to it. But it is fairly certain that most recent poetry or verse is lacking in music, and, like the harp on Tara's walls, its soul of music is fled. It is too cold and intellectual, and lacking in simple emotion, and is born dead. What is most wanted is, indeed, not poetry written for music, but poetry which arises from the same source, and has something of the same warmth and spontaneity without ceasing to be poetry, and certainly not requiring a musical setting. We want poetry which, in fact, is music, not poetry which may be adapted for music. One should hear music at once in the very first line or verse, just as we do when we are surprised in a vacant mood by the first enlivening sound of music; it should, indeed, catch our heart and ear in a similar way, and it is this new note of colour and music for which we are looking in the poet of the future. The poet has almost forgotten his function as singer, and has in consequence ceased to be a poet. It is not music, but the inspiration of music, which is missing. Poetry must, perhaps, be music or pure emotion before it can become poetry or poetic thought. If the poet has genuine emotion and sings we do not, it may be, expect much in the way of psychological thought. The thought of a true poem may be the slightest, and the simplest incidents and thoughts have made the best poems; but poems are not to be weighed in intellectual scales. The poet's fancies come and go as lightly as a thistledown, and it is only the poet who, because he already has the soul of music, seizes them as occasions and converts them into lyrics or songs. This the boy-poet of "Pauline" himself tells us:

And first I sang, as I in dream have seen,
Music wait on a lyrist for some thought,
Yet singing to herself until it came.

But modern poets or writers of verse, on the other hand, try vainly to beat thought into music, instead of music into thought or verse, and this is the explanation of its failure. It fails as music,

and therefore of necessity fails as poetry. It has no *raison d'être* eugenically. It seems to have been forgotten that music and the lyrical function of the poet began together, and it is because they have been divorced that so much modern poetry is deficient in original heat or fire. Music is, indeed, the mother of poetry. This is not, as may be imagined, inconsistent with the general bearing of the argument of this paper, because poetry once born has an independent life of its own and carries its own music. The dependence is, indeed, only prenatal. In the Æschylean drama the poet is merely inspired and possessed by the music which accompanied the verse, which may accordingly be appreciated as poetry without its musical accompaniment, which seems to be assimilated in the verse. But one realises that its music and intensity are originally devised from music. To the Greeks, of course, the poet was, in the first place, the teacher of the chorus of the Dionysian festivals, and poetry was ancillary to music and dancing, but it was, nevertheless, none the less poetry, and not a mere feeble accompaniment to the music. Thus we are able to read it without its original accompaniment and by its own music. To the Greeks the poet was singer before he was maker, and this order is still the right one, but with the difference that he must sing to himself or in verse, and need not be accompanied by any other kind of music or singing. The poet must cast himself free of any pattern of music and make his own patterns from his own music or singing. He does not desire, as a rule, that his songs should have any kind of accompaniment in music, however successfully the maker of music may interpret him in terms of his own emotions. His song is a thing of itself, and that which is already perfect and complete cannot be perfected and completed. It can only be attempted at the risk of loss; it is a speculation in which there is nothing to gain and much to lose. It is only the musical composer who may possibly gain by adding words to music or borrowing from the poet. He cannot give anything in return, and second or third-rate poetry may suit his musical purpose better than the highest kind of poetry; and, happily, perhaps, this is understood by the maker of song music, who, as a rule, leaves the best poems alone and borrows only third-rate lyrics, which better suit his purpose, or for any reason lend themselves more readily to such rendering. This is as near as possible a summary of the relation, which is certainly peculiar and complex. Hence it is that the French saying is in the main true:—"Verses are children of the lyre; they should be read, and not sung."

THE WET FLY FOR CHALK-STREAM TROUT

We'll 'tice them here, we'll 'tice them there,
What though they loup but sparsely,
Wi' a cast o' line "far aff an' fine,"
All in the mornin' airly!

—Thomas Doubleday.

THE trout of our south country chalk streams have always been extremely particular and extremely difficult to catch. They are hardly the fish that a beginner would select to practise upon. Aided by the charms of the water in the Itchen and the Test, and the abundance of natural food in these rivers, the trout attain to unusual proportions, and are very gut-shy and "nice" in their feeding. The methods of dry-fly fishing were accordingly elaborated to meet their wants by Mr. H. S. Hall and Mr. Marriot, and crystallised by Mr. Halford in his series of books on the dry fly. Thus arose at the end of the last century the School of Dry-fly Purists, who would as soon have offered their hats to a trout as a wet fly. With them the element of luck, usually so important a factor in the outing of a fisherman, was as far as possible eliminated. The angler must restrain his impatience and keep his powder dry until he can "spot" a rising fish. Even then he must not

attempt to cast over him until he has caught, identified, and matched the fly which is on the water at the time on which the trout may be supposed to be feeding. The exact imitation of this fly, tied on an eyed hook and attached to almost invisible gut, must then be floated exactly over the nose of the rising trout. Only when these sacred rites have all been duly performed is it correct to catch a chalk-stream trout, supposing he will take your artificial fly under the delusion that it is a natural one. But Mr. G. E. M. Skues has discovered that these chalk-stream trout at certain times feed greedily upon the nymphs before they have hatched out into duns, taking them under water before ever they reach the surface of the stream. Such trout are technically known as "Bulgers," and have long been the despair of the dry-fly fisherman. They may, however, be tempted by imitations of the nymph when not a floating dun is to be seen on the surface. He concludes, therefore, that there is a time for the wet fly as well as for the dry. The trout that hovers below the surface or bulges for nymphs may be attacked in much the same way as the rising fish; only the fly which is presented to him must be specially tied with very little hackle in order that it may sink at once instead of floating, and delude the fish by its resemblance to the nymph upon which he is feeding.

In "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream" (A. and C. Black) Mr. Skues develops this new doctrine of the wet fly. He is evidently a little nervous, lest the Purists may consider it unorthodox, and is at considerable pains to explain that, as compared with the dry fly, his method is equally artistic, equally scientific, and equally efficacious when circumstances are favourable. Will it be welcomed as a new method, or repudiated as a heresy? Whilst he would scorn the duffer's game of raking a stream with fancy flies, he contends that when trout are taking practically all their food beneath the surface it is perfectly legitimate to cast the wet fly up stream to a feeding fish in position; it is no less difficult than offering the same fish a floating fly, and it carries with it far better prospects of success. Doubtless whilst many will still continue to hold the wet fly as anathema, there will be many anglers in this coming season who will try a wet fly over bulging trout according to the method suggested by Mr. Skues; and if it makes the difference between fishing and looking on, between a couple of brace and an empty basket, all but the inner circle of Dry-fly Purists will thank Mr. Skues for his suggestion, which seems so obvious now that he has discovered it; and I for one am determined, when I visit a chalk stream in future, to take with me a Greenwell's Glory and a Jup's Indispensable tied in such a way that they may sink directly they touch the water, in the hope that they may prove, as Mr. Skues has expressed it, "medicine for bulgers."

P. M. W.

E. A. POE: AN UNNOTICED PLAGIARISM

THE *Edinburgh Review* of January, this year, by its really appreciative style, naturally pleased his countrymen in its criticism of Poe. Less successful was the London symposium, which toasted his memory without tasting his quality, on the occasion of the centenary of Edgar's birth, January 19, 1809. But neither the review nor the banqueters—nor, indeed, anyone up to date—has noticed what I found by accident: the source of "The Doomed City" (1831), called "The City in the Sea" when re-edited in 1845. And yet such source should be well known in both Great Britain and the United States, which are nothing if not Bible-reading. For the poem beginning "Lo! Death hath reared himself a throne" is an imitation of Isaiah, xiv., first part. Before pointing this out in detail, I may remark on the immense gain which the 1845 recension gave to the 1831 copy by re-arrangement, by omission of the third stanza ("A heaven that God . . .")

and by throwing overboard the last two lines beginning "And Death to some more happy clime . . ." This jetson lets the poem close full on the diapason of concentrated bitter scorn:—

"Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence."

Now we can turn to Isaiah, xiv., 9: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations." In the next verse but one (11) is the "noise of the viols," with the "pomp," answering to Poe's "the viol and the vine," or "the viol, the violet, and the vine," in 1831 and 1845 respectively.

The title "Doomed City" (1831) suits the poem better than "The City in the Sea" (1845), as both Isaiah and Poe tell us, in good set terms, that Babylon is meant, the former in verse 4 and the latter in

"Up Babylon-like walls."

The American also refers to the hanging gardens of the Chaldean capital on the Euphrates:—

" . . . that all seem pendulous in air."

Again, "The waves have now a redder glow" shows us nothing less than Isaiah's "golden city" (4). This whole passage of Isaiah—Israel's "triumphant insultation over Babel," as the A.V. calls it—is evidently the "Quelle" of "The Doomed City." And, given Poe's love of mystification, the points seemingly opposed to this view count for but little. Thus, I may be reminded that Poe's third line locates the city

"Far down within the dim west,"

which does not suit Babylon. But this poem is a companion to "The Valley Nis" (1831), rechristened "The Valley of Unrest" (1845). This lies as far as the day

"Down within the golden east."

As Nis, then, is east, so "The Doomed City" is

"Down within the dim west,"

even as Homer's Hades, the Hesperides or Atlantis. One poem is of the right and one of the left hand. Poe's Babylon is Hades, as well as the City on El Frat, which river is, in Eastern style, a sea in the 1845 version of the verses. But that Edgar Allan "se crée ce monde surnaturel de ses propres suggestions," as Dr. Emile Lauvrière says (p. 343), is not true; if anyone will read the major prophet here he can see that it is not true. The passage is a famous one (xiv., 4—23), and contains the celebrated "feller" and the oft-quoted English hexameter:—

"How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

Thus admirers of Poe and of Elizabethan English should have observed this adaptation by the Virginian of the son of Amoz. But the French *docteur ès lettres* and *professeur agrégé* puts down the "Valley of Nis" and the "Doomed City" to alcohol and opium! And quotes De Quincey's "Confessions," instead of the seer of visions concerning Judah and Jerusalem; Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," instead of him who is perhaps the finest of the old Hebrew prophets.

In conclusion, I may perhaps illustrate this adaptation by Poe (of Isaiah) by another (of the same) by Longfellow. As no critic has hitherto noticed Poe's indebtedness, so Poe was unaware apparently of his countryman's use of the same seer. In his "Poetic Principle" he says of Longfellow's poem to "The Waif": "the idea of the last quatrain is also very effective." Now, this quatrain is:—

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

But "the idea" of the simile is Hezekiah's:—"Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent" (xxxviii., 12.) H. H. J.

MR. H. A. JONES AND THE DRAMA

IN responding to the toast of the Drama, proposed by Mr. Justice Darling at the Corporation Library Committee Dinner on Monday last, June 20, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivered himself of the following remarks:—The drama owes varied debts to Mr. Justice Darling. He has not only made a speech on its behalf to-night, but he has taken a more active part in its regeneration. Perceiving the comparative absence of high-class comedy on our English stage, he has constantly endeavoured to supply that deficiency by efforts of his own, in a place where he is not subject to criticism. We may respectfully say of these efforts that they have met with a very considerable measure of success; indeed, that they have not fallen short of that high standard which English judges usually attain when they forsake the dry formalities of their own office and generously set an example to English writers of comedy. Further, the learned judge is a frequent playgoer. I saw him at the theatre a few weeks ago, following a stern indictment of the methods of English justice set forth. I thought I detected some workings of conscience on his features, or perhaps some uneasy suspicion that the whole fabric of English procedure is founded on a sad lack of brotherly sympathy with the criminal. At least we may hope that the exposure of the senseless and futile horrors of solitary confinement made a due impression on the learned judge's mind. With my renewed thanks to him, I pass on to a brief glance over the general position and outlook of the English drama. It can, I think, be claimed that there are many bright and encouraging signs in the dramatic atmosphere. But it is a fatal error to dwell complacently on our virtues and achievements. To rest and be thankful is the sign of old age and decrepitude. I pass by our virtues and achievements, then, and I propose to-night to notice a rather disquieting symptom of the present dramatic movement. I say movement because movement implies life and activity. A noticeable feature in the English drama of recent years has been an assumption that the drama in the future must do something that the drama has never done before; that it must be pre-eminently a direct, explicit, and merciless expounder and enforcer of ethical, social, political, and scientific doctrines and theories. The English drama stands in great danger of being placed in the offensive position of a moral teacher. I beg my comrades and colleagues to notice the wise admonition addressed to us by Mr. Walkley at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund a few days ago.

If the drama is to develop, it will have to develop along dramatic lines, shaping itself, like every other art, in conformity with its peculiar medium of expression. It must obey the law of economy in art, not run to waste by aiming at effect which could just as easily be produced without the apparatus of a theatre and the aid of a company of actors. And a play must always in the future, as in the past, be something organic and whole, or it will not hold the spectator's attention.

These are words which I think all of us who are writing plays will do well to lay to heart. This proclamation of the essentially doctrinal nature of the dramatist's profession becomes all the more alarming when one tries to examine the exact nature and scope and tendency of the doctrines propounded. It has lately been claimed that the national drama should make for righteousness—a general and lofty sentiment which commands our ready and unstinted approval. If the English drama makes for anything after the expenses of the management and the author's fees have been duly provided for, the surplus should unquestionably make for righteousness. But the further question arises:—What sort of righteousness should the drama make for? And here there seems to be a likelihood of some confusion. For instance, a recent correspondence has started a horrible fear in my mind that the sort of righteousness aimed at is an income tax of twenty shillings in the pound. I frankly own that isn't the sort of righteousness which I am making for, either in my private capacity as a citizen, or by inculcation in my public capacity as a writer of plays. Another burning question which seems to be crying aloud for drastic treatment in drama is the present arrangement whereby the nominal head of the household amongst his other privileges has the hitherto unchallenged privilege of paying that income tax. And here I will make a great concession and give away one more cherished masculine right—I will allow my own wife, or any other man's wife, to pay all income tax without descending to any mean, petty squabbles as to the exact amount of our respective incomes. But I must grant that the struggle arising in the breast of the conscientious taxpayer on the question of the benefit to the national exchequer, weighed against the discomfort of probable domestic disputes upon pecuniary matters,

offers a very tempting theme to a writer of the present type of pamphlet plays.

Once more, it has been suggested that the rules of Aristotle for making a play should be left out of account and thrown aside in our national drama. To the very able defence of Aristotle in this morning's *Times* I need add nothing. But I will with great humility offer a copy of Mr. Butcher's most valuable translation and commentary to any playwright who is anxious to learn how to write a successful play. And with all the emphasis at my command, I do as a practical playwright affirm and reaffirm that Aristotle's first leading rule remains to-day the leading rule whereby to fashion any play that can hope for permanent success. "The plot is the first thing," says Aristotle. Not the chief thing, but the first thing. Character-drawing, literature, ideas, philosophy, righteousness itself, can only be effectively introduced into a play that has already been provided with a definite articulate vertebrate scheme of action. Further, it has lately been said that our National Drama should be normal. And here I am whole-heartedly in accord with the dictum. I am tempted, but I will not be cruel enough, to inquire how far many of our recent masterpieces have been "normal" and addressed to the normal man. We all remember the famous dinner party in "Tristram Shandy," when the theory was started that the Duchess of Suffolk was no relation to her own son. Uncle Toby was about to whistle "Lillibullero," but Mr. Shandy clapped his hand over Uncle Toby's mouth and said:—"This is a very fine, new, original theory, let us hear what is to be said for it." Occasionally on the production of some new, original play, compact of brand-new, original theories akin to the one I have mentioned, I fancy I have heard from the average normal man a few subdued strains of "Lillibullero." A day or two ago I received an anonymous communication which purported to be the authorised programme of a very new and very advanced school of English drama. I will read out the titles of the plays which it is proposed to offer to the English public as soon as the necessary theatre and the capital can be found:—

"Where is Darwin Now?"—a biological dissertation in twelve acts, by a Neo-evolutionist.

"The Soul of My Cat"—an anti-vivisectionist dithyramb in one screech, two moans, and a curtain cat-call.

"The Piston and the Flute"—an essay in musical engineering, with some thoughts on Barrel-organs and Motor-horns, and full machinery and orchestral accompaniment.

"Aspasia and the Magistrate"—a lesson in practical impropriety by one who has tried it. Scene: Vine Street Police Court.

"Dumping Analysed"—a potion for free-traders in four gulps of one scene each.

The list goes on to include a statistical play in defence of cremation and other appetising items. I return to the admirable dictum that the English drama should be normal. If we take a swift view of art generally, of all schools and kinds of art, we shall, I think, be justified in saying that there is a constant tendency amongst young artists in every art to rebel against all its conventions, to rebel against the necessary and eternal conventions, as well as against the outworn and dying conventions. It is the same in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, and in the drama. And this perpetual rebellion leads very often to excesses, to perversities, to eccentricities, to exaggerations, to freaks of all sorts. The man who cannot do a sane strong thing will always do an eccentric thing, a perverse thing. If he cannot be first in Rome, he will be first in Little Peddlington. So that it is a good sign when we come across a recognition and declaration that the English drama should be normal and addressed to the average normal man.

I recently had a chance of speaking on the Drama to young Oxford—to those who may have so large a say in the doings and directions of our future national drama. I found the warm, easy, graceful hospitality that always awaits a visitor to Oxford. I found a cordial interest in the drama, but I found a great distrust of some modern methods and tendencies. And I tried to assure and reassure young Oxford that our coming national drama would be normal, sane, exhilarating, tending towards the centre, an instrument of pleasure and amusement, and not an instrument of affliction and confusion. But it is not only in Oxford that this mistrust and distrust of some modern dramatic methods and tendencies exist. That mistrust and distrust are shared—and, I think, justly shared—by a considerable body of English playgoers. And it is the great body of English playgoers who will have the final say in this matter. It must have struck the leaders of some recent movements that their efforts have not met with any general recognition or acceptance from the average normal man. They recall a couplet of Hood:

But when the crier cried "Oh, yes!"

The people cried "Oh, no!"

Leaders of all movements, imperial, political, financial, artistic, are divided into two classes. There are the leaders who lead their followers to victory, there are the leaders who lead their followers into a ditch. And if I rightly interpret the feeling of the average normal English playgoer at this moment, it is that he is being led into a ditch. A comparison may be instituted between making laws and making plays. The learned judge will, I am sure, tell us that it is useless to make laws away from the habits, thoughts, customs, and morals of the great body of the public, useless to make them much ahead of them, useless to make laws aside or apart from them in any direction. The wise legislator adapts himself to the general opinion of his average normal countrymen. So does the wise playwright. A great movement is afoot for the recognition, organisation, and standardisation of the English Drama. That movement is associated with the Mansion House and with the City of London. I will not now do more than express my hope and belief that success and prosperity must attend that movement, whatever obstacles and delays it may meet with. I have said that the drama runs some danger of being placed in the offensive position of a moral teacher. For all that, any living drama will be, must be, a moral teacher. But it must not usurp the birch of the schoolmaster, the chair of the professor, or the pulpit of the divine. The drama is a teacher far more subtle, more insidious, more insinuating than any priest. But it must do its preaching and its teaching as if it were unaware of it. The movement I have spoken of is started in the honour and memory of Shakespeare. Shakespeare has set us an example how to deal with the problems and controversies, the storms and fevers of the passing hour. He carefully let them alone. England was going through a tremendous change in religious thought and practice and belief. He scarcely noticed it. He dealt in the things that concern and unite general humanity. The promoters of the National Memorial Theatre will do well to assure the great English play-going public that they need have no fear, that the scheme to honour Shakespeare shall be mainly shaped in the spirit of the broad, profound, universal humanity, the broad, profound, universal morality, the broad, sunny, universal common-sense of Shakespeare.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.

Précis of communications made at the monthly general meeting of June 1.

Dr. Annandale exhibited a collection of Indian earwigs, and referred to the recent publication of Dr. Burr's volume on the Dermaptera in the "Fauna of British India and Ceylon."

Papers:—1. "Note sur les Sabres Hindous," by M. P. Holstein. Communicated by the general secretary. 2. "A Palaeolithic Implement of Manganese Ore." By L. L. Fermor, D.Sc., F.G.S. The paper gives a description of a Palaeolithic implement which is unique in that it is made of manganese ore. 3. "An English-Turki Vocabulary." By R. F. Azoo. Communicated by Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Phillott. 4. "Rivers of the Dacca District." By F. D. Ascoli. The paper deals with the changes that have taken place in the courses of the rivers of the Dacca and Faridpur Districts since the desertion of the Brahmaputra of its old channel north of Dacca. The author attributes the origin of these changes to the incursion of the Teesta into the Brahmaputra, in 1787, and shows that the principal changes now going on are not as Fergusson anticipated, in the Ganges at and above the conflux at Goalundo, but further to the south in the Rajnagar area. 5. "Medicinal Lizards." By D. Hooper. The dried lizard sold in the bazaars of Northern India is *Scincus mitranus*, Anderson, and not, as quoted by writers on Indian Materia Medica, *Lacerta scincus*, Linn. References are given to the uses of this lizard in medicine and to the use of other saurians in Europe and China.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Abstract of the Proceedings of June 4, Dr. S. F. Harmer, M.A., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., exhibited drawings to illustrate an apparently unrecorded instance of ant-

mimicry by the larvæ of a species of *Mantis* from Axim, on the Gold Coast.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., read a paper "On the Cutaneous Scent-glands of Ruminants," based principally upon work done at the Prosectorium on animals that had died in the Gardens. The paper was illustrated by lantern-slides showing the macroscopic structure of the preorbital, pedal, and inguinal and other specialised glands of most of the genera of this group of Ungulates. The author pointed out that the structure of the feet, whether furnished with special glands or not, supplied valuable data for classifying the genera of Antelopes and Deer; and showed that with some modifications, such as the removal of *Tetraceros* from the Cephalophinæ to the Tragelophinæ, of *Dorcotragus* from the Antilopinæ to the Neotraginæ, and of *Pantholops*, *Saiga*, and *Æpyceros* from the Antilopinæ, the sub-families usually admitted were valid groups. In the case of the deer it was interesting to note that *Rucervus*, *Panolia*, *Elaphurus*, and *Sika* were closely allied to *Cervus*, *Dama* being a totally distinct type. *Axis* and *Hyelaphus* belonged to another group, while *Rangifer*, *Alces*, and *Capreolus*, as Sir Victor Brooke claimed, belonged to the section typified by *Dorcelaphus*, *Mazama*, and other American deer.

Mr. R. Lydekker communicated a paper "On a Wapiti and a Muntjac," in which he described two Wapiti antlers from Tibet as *Cervus canadensis wardi*; and a Muntjac from An-wei, China, as *Cervulus bridgmani*. The latter was characterised by its dark blackish-olive colour, the black ears of the female and the yellow ones of the male, coupled with the relatively wide divergence of the antler-pedicles. Mr. R. Lydekker also presented a paper "On Three African Buffaloes." Dr. A. Cabrera, C.M.Z.S., communicated a paper "On Two New Antelopes," in which he described a new species of *Damaliscus* from British East Africa and a new chamois from North Spain. Mr. W. R. Ogilvie-Grant, F.Z.S., communicated a paper by Dr. E. A. Wilson, F.Z.S., Field Observer to the Grouse Disease Committee, entitled "Changes of Plumage in the Red Grouse (*Lagopus scoticus*) in Health and Disease."

PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Proceedings at the meeting held June 10, Professor H. L. Callendar, F.R.S., president, in the chair.

A paper on "A Galvanometer for Alternate Current Circuits," by Dr. W. E. Sumpner and Mr. W. C. S. Phillips, was read by Dr. Sumpner. Tests of effects due to change of current, such as induction phenomena, are often hard to carry out, because the ballistic galvanometer available is not sensitive enough. Alternate current tests are still less satisfactory owing to special difficulties. The vibration galvanometer overcomes only a few of these difficulties. It must be adjusted to resonance for the best effects, and its indications vary with current frequency. The sensitivity of ballistic galvanometer tests can be greatly increased by the use of some form of mechanical commutator, by means of which a crude form of alternate current is produced. A better method would be to generate the current in the usual way if a suitable instrument existed. The galvanometer here described is the result of an attempt to construct a measuring instrument by means of which inductances and capacities can be compared by bridge methods as accurately as it is possible to compare resistances. The instrument is like a moving coil galvanometer in almost every respect, except that its field is due to a specially constructed electromagnet excited by an alternating voltage. This voltage V is applied to a winding of m turns of the electromagnet, and the core flux N is such that

$$V = rA + mN,$$

where r is the resistance of the winding and A the current traversing it. The coil and electromagnet are so designed that for currents of the frequencies used the value of rA is negligible in comparison with V . The rate of change

of N will therefore be at each instant a measure of V , whatever the permeability or hysteresis of the core. The instrument has a laminated electromagnet formed of stampings of two kinds—a rectangular portion with two straight limbs forming the core of the electromagnet, and a specially shaped stamping between the poles. The moving coil of 50 turns swings in a narrow gap separating the stampings, in much the same way as in a permanent magnet instrument. On the limbs of the magnet are windings of 200, 2,000, and 4,000 turns. The iron will not be too strongly magnetised if the winding used contains 20 turns per volt on 50 \sim circuits, but the instrument is so sensitive that such excitation will only be needed for exceptional tests.

If a voltage V be shaped to one of the field coils of m turns, and if the same, or another, field winding of n turns be joined up, through a condenser of K microfarads, to the moving coil, the torque acting on this moving coil will be a measure of

$$Kn\left(\frac{V}{m}\right)^2;$$

i.e., the deflexion is proportional to the square of the voltage. By suitably choosing K , m and n , the voltmeter may be used over a large number of ranges. Thus with the instrument shown a deflexion of 200 mm. on a scale at 1 metre distance, can be obtained either for 200 volts or for 20 millivolts. The deflexion is independent of frequency and wave-form if the field-winding to which the voltage is applied has a resistance negligible in comparison with its impedance. Thus with $m=4,000$ and $n=200$ it was found that the value of V^2 required to give a certain deflexion was independent of frequency between 50 \sim and 100 \sim , but at 25 \sim it was $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less than at 50 \sim . At any fixed frequency the deflexion will always measure KV^2 . The instrument may be used with great advantage to compare inductances and capacities by the ordinary bridge methods, the working conditions being (i.) the alternating voltage V applied to the field coil of the instrument must also cause the current in the bridge conductors, (ii.) the alternate current in the bridge must be made in phase with the voltage V by the use of suitable non-inductive resistances, (iii.) the moving coils must be placed directly across the bridge. The balance can be adjusted with ease to 1 part in 10,000 when the voltages set up on the coils or condensers are of the order of 1 volt. When a balance of great precision is needed, the minute electromotive force e induced in the moving coil by the alternating field of the magnet, tends to cause a small deflexion disturbing the balance. When the moving coil circuit is non-inductive, the current due to e will be in phase with e and in quadrature with the flux, so that the corresponding deflexion will be negligible. But in all cases any effect due to e can be accurately eliminated by working to a false zero. As illustrations of the behaviour of the instrument, the results of tests are given on the measurement of the mutual induction of coils, the comparison of capacities, and the measurement of Specific Inductive capacity.

Mr. A. Campbell expressed his admiration of the galvanometer and in particular of the ingenious method of connecting it with a condenser when voltage is to be measured. He remarked that the instrument was very similar in construction and use to that used by earlier experimenters. Stroud and Oates (Phil. Mag. 1903) described such a galvanometer and showed how sensitive it was for testing condensers by Anderson's method and for other purposes; and Terry (Phys. Review, 1905) used a similar one for accurate comparisons of condensers. Abraham (*Comptes Rendus*, Apr. 1906) described another in which the false zero was got rid of by a compensating arrangement. With regard to vibration galvanometers, there is no difficulty in keeping them in tune on any reasonably steady alternating circuit. In the bridge methods illustrated in the paper, a double adjustment is necessary when a vibration galvanometer is used, and in general an evaluation of effective resistance or leakage re-

sistance can be made simultaneously with the measurement of inductance or capacity. He asked the authors if this double adjustment can be entirely dispensed with when the quadrature galvanometer is used. It would be interesting, also, to know how the instrument would work with non-sinusoidal wave-forms in a case where the balance depended on the frequency. Mr. W. Duddell asked if the authors could supply more numerical data so that the instrument could be compared with other galvanometers of similar design. He pointed out that the tests were simplified owing to a double adjustment being unnecessary. Mr. Irwin thought that with small modifications the instrument would be useful for tests other than those described in the paper. It might, for example, be used in determining the resistance of electrolytes. He pointed out that errors might arise due to a small amount of magnetic material in the moving coil.

Dr. Sumpner stated, in reply to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Duddell, that the object of the special shape of pole-piece was to increase the impedance of the exciting coil. Electromagnet galvanometers were not new, but the special mode of controlling the magnetic flux by the applied voltage was novel. The behaviour of the instrument was a direct consequence of this device. The vibration galvanometer responded to a voltage irrespective of its phase, and hence in some tests troublesome double adjustments were needed. This was not the case with the new instrument in regard to any of the tests described in the paper. The current taken by the instrument could easily be calculated from data given in the paper. In reply to Mr. Irwin, the author said that the small deflexion due to magnetic impurities in the moving coil could be eliminated in all balance tests by using a false zero method. In deflexional methods the effect could be rendered negligible by reducing the voltage exciting the field, and using a moving coil current of correspondingly increased strength. Mr. Phillips stated that the present paper was preliminary to a more detailed account of the work which had been done with the instrument. In reply to Mr. Irwin, he stated that it was proposed to make use of the instrument to measure the Specific Inductive capacity of materials and the resistance of electrolytes.

Mr. A. E. Garrett read a paper entitled "Positive Electrification due to Heating Aluminium Phosphate." In 1904 Dr. R. S. Willows and the author communicated to this Society the results of some experiments on the halogen compounds of zinc, in which it was shown that those compounds when heated ionized the air around so that both positively and negatively electrified bodies gradually lost their charge. Work in this direction was continued, and the results obtained showed that a large number of inorganic compounds possess properties of a like nature to the above. In 1907 Sir J. J. Thomson found that chlorides, phosphates, and nitrates give off an excess of positive ions when heated, and he incidentally discovered that aluminium phosphate was most active in this direction. As many of the substances previously examined are known to be unstable (and hence the ionization produced may be the result of chemical change), while aluminium phosphate on the other hand is a most stable substance, it was thought that an investigation of the ion producing properties of that compound would be of interest. The apparatus was arranged so that the salt could be heated to the desired temperature (900° - $1,300^{\circ}$ C.) on a strip of platinum foil. The pressure could be reduced as required. For most of the experiments a sensitive galvanometer was used as recording instrument. With the usual distance between the electrodes (0.5 cm.) it was found that a difference of potential of 60 volts was sufficient to obtain a saturation current with the positive ions. The way in which the current varied with the time when the saturation voltage was applied was first investigated. For the first half-hour the current was somewhat irregular. This was found to be due to the water present in the salt. The current for the first hour or two appears to be largely influenced by the surrounding gas. Neglecting the preliminary effects due

to water, the decay of the current with the time can be represented by a curve having the general formula

$$A(e^{-\lambda_1 t} - e^{-\lambda_2 t}) + B(1 - e^{-\lambda_3 t}).$$

The current finally obtained depends almost entirely upon the salt itself. After 5 or 6 hours heating, no further change takes place in the current obtained under fixed conditions of temperature and pressure. A temporary increase, however, can be brought about by moistening the salt, and also by passing a discharge from an induction-coil through the tube for about $\frac{1}{2}$ min. When the salt is insulated and heated for some time, an extraordinarily large current passes when the field is first put on. This effect increases with the time up to about 10 minutes, after which any longer insulation causes no increase of the initial current. With the salt in the final steady state the conditions were suitable for experiments on temperature and pressure effects. It was found that for every temperature tried there was a certain pressure at which the current obtained was a maximum, and the higher the temperature the lower was this pressure. The currents obtained with constant pressure and variable temperature indicate that the relationship between the rate of production of positive ions and the absolute temperature can be represented by the Richardson formula $ae^{\frac{Q}{20}}$. By using

a quadrant electrometer in place of the galvanometer, it was found at pressures of 0.01 mm. that some positive ions are ejected with a velocity of the order 10^6 cm. per sec.; and other experiments showed that the ions at very low pressures and acted upon by small electrostatic fields moved with great velocity, so it was thought that this substance could be made use of as a means for rectifying alternate currents. It was found that it could be so used. The values of l/m obtained by Thomson's cycloid method indicate that the smallest of the positive ions present possess a mass comparable with that of the hydrogen atom. Many of the results obtained, in particular (a) those with varying pressures and constant temperatures, (b) those at atmospheric pressure in which after removal of all free ions by a field sufficient to produce a saturation current, a current of equal values for ions of both signs was found at an electrode placed behind that on which the saturation voltage acted, and (c) the loss of charge of a Faraday cylinder when screened from the action of free ions, indicate that one of the products due to heating aluminium phosphate is in the form of neutral pairs or doublets which afterwards split up into negative and positive ions.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a letter which appeared in the Press on the 3rd inst., I appealed to the public for £20,000 in support of The Middlesex Hospital. For over a century and a half this great institution has done its splendid work of ministering to the suffering poor. The Bishop of London has written me a letter, in which he says that it would be a great blow to London if anything happened to the old Middlesex. The keynote of its management is efficiency with economy. It stands in the very heart of the world's richest metropolis, but its career of activity and usefulness is seriously imperilled by diminishing income, and money must be speedily found to wipe off the existing debt. The sum of £20,000 is immediately required to save the hospital from a dangerous position. I rejoice to say that the response to my first letter of appeal has been both prompt and generous. The total already amounts to several thousand pounds, and I feel greatly encouraged in the task I have undertaken. But the present need is very real and urgent, and I am compelled to re-double my personal efforts. The task is not an impossible one, and I have set my heart on accomplishing it. I know I am not appealing in vain, and with the generous aid of the Press and the public, I confidently hope to succeed. Let rich and poor alike give whatever they can spare: I will gratefully acknowledge the smallest contribution sent to me. To attain the object in view is not only my anxious care and ardent desire, but it is a matter of strenuous endeavour in which I

call upon my fellow-citizens to help me. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

FRANCIS OF TECK,
Chairman.

THE LAW COURTS AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Some recent proceedings in the Law Courts have attracted more than usual attention to the administration of justice. When, however, decisions of an extraordinary character have been delivered in the lower courts, presided over by magistrates, county-court judges, or officials of somewhat equal standing, we have consoled ourselves with the reflection that the High Courts of Justice might always be relied on to give decisions which would at least command the respect not only of the public generally, but of the actual litigants. It appears, however, that we are to be deprived of this belief and its attendant consolation.

At a meeting of the Jewish Board of Guardians at which the result of the legal proceedings arising out of the will of Mr. Harris Norman was discussed, the Rev. J. F. Stern gave his opinion (according to the *Jewish World* of June 10) that "undue pressure must have been brought to bear on the judge" who decided the case, whilst (according to the same journal) Colonel Lucas "also thought that undue pressure was exercised in bringing about the decision in favour of the Federation of Synagogues." As Jews are believed to be exceptionally well informed and reliable people, is it to be supposed that these suggestions are not entirely groundless, but that decisions of High Court judges may sometimes be due not so much to fact or argument as to undue pressure?

P. VARNALS.

[The Jews may be "exceptionally well informed and reliable people"; they also appear to be fairly impudent. English judges and English magistrates make mistakes at times, but as for "undue pressure"—tilly-fally, Mr. Varnals!—Ed.]

"SHALL AND WILL."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A gentleman signing himself "The Author of an Unknown Treatise on 'Shall and Will'" states in a letter that appears in your issue of the 18th that a fortnight previously he had forwarded to us a copy of *THE ACADEMY* of May 28 for Dr. Molloy's information. No such copy has reached us. May we, however, be allowed to inform the gentleman that Monsignor Molloy, whose work on "Shall and Will" is referred to, died in October, 1906. His treatise, long out of print, was first published thirteen years ago—namely, in 1897.

BLACKIE AND SON, LTD.

THE CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST WOMEN'S FRANCHISE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a mischievous body describing itself as the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association has, acting under the stimulus of having secured Lady Selborne as its president, recently re-started a missionary crusade, would you allow me to point out that this organisation is animated by no Conservative or Unionist aims whatever, and that a vastly more befitting title for it would be The Association for the Conversion of Unionists to Women Suffrage, under the patronage of the Ladies of the "Hotel Cecil." This *soi-disant* Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association remains unrecognised at the headquarters of the Unionist party; many of its members have never been known to stir a finger in aid of a Unionist candidate, and its operations appear to be conducted on a basis of cordial understanding with that practically Socialistic formation, *The Women's Social and Political Union*. Two of the most venerated among the high-priestesses of Suffragettism, Mrs. Fawcett and Lady Frances Balfour, have already formally seceded from the Unionist party, and it would conduce greatly to the interests of Conservatism if Lady Selborne, Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Constance Lytton, and the entire army of their followers would follow these excellent examples, and thus remove an element of discord from a political organisation to whom unity is a vital necessity.

T. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Everyone has heard of the famous quarrel between the pot and the kettle, and of the moral which it discovered. The kettle was, as a matter of fact, black; but, on the other hand, it was an unwise and foolish act on the part of the pot to

assume the character of accuser. To-day we have a really fine parallel to the above squabble in the political situation—namely, in the accusation brought by the Commons, or perhaps I should say the present Government, against the Lords. It appears, from the statements made by the former, that the latter maintain, without any just grounds, constitutional rights of interference with respect to measures of Parliament, particularly with respect to measures which deal with finance. Nothing, indeed, could be more unconstitutional, and therefore tyrannical, on the part of the Lords, than this maintenance of their rights of interference with respect to financial Acts or Budgets. The incompetence of the Lords is as distinguishable from the competence of the Commons as the impurity of the kettle was from the immaculate condition of the pot. There is no ground of choice between the two cases. The constitutional legitimacy of the Commons, like the constitutional cleanliness of the pot, is a simple matter of empty verbosity. Moreover, the absurdity of the assumption of the Commons is as palpable and as undeniable as the absurdity of the assumption of the pot.

What, then, is the true worth of the moral? It proves, I think, the brute force of ideas, the mere sensuous force of reason. The pot called the kettle black, not because it possessed any powers of analysis, but because the appearance of the kettle happened to be black. Had the pot possessed any analytic powers, it would have discovered its own blackness. Now this is exactly what may be said of the Commons. The House of Lords has been proclaimed to be a tyrannical House, not because its accuser (the House of Commons) is possessed of any analytic powers of judgment, but rather because a succession of Vetoes on unconstitutional measures have given to it the appearance of an autocratic House. So much for appearance—for your mere sensuous force of reasoning. For the real tyrant happens to be the House of Commons itself. If the latter possessed any powers of analysis, and therefore a just and constitutional form of procedure, it would not confuse a negative with a positive form of government. In other words, it would not lay claim to absolute powers, and, when a rational check is put upon those powers, unjustly accuse the rational element of government of tyranny. For tyranny is not contained in a rational, but an irrational form of procedure. In point of fact, the House of Commons lacks what the pot lacked—namely, the power of self-reflection. The pot could not see its own blackness. Likewise, the House of Commons fails to recognise in the Lords its own basis of limit. As the pot did, it wants all its own way. Now, unlike the pot and kettle disturbance, there happens to be a sequel to the political dispute. For instance, although the pot was convinced of the kettle's blackness, we have not yet heard of any attempt being made by the pot to whitewash the kettle. Thus the pot might be said to have had some form of reason. This cannot be said of the House of Commons, or, should the historic House object to such a statement as a whole, we will say that it cannot be said of the Government. Not content with proclaiming the tyranny of the House of Lords, it must needs attempt to reform it. And here it may be said that the word reform is rather an ugly word. Now, what more ludicrous picture could one possibly have than that of one tyrant making a constitutional confidant of another tyrant? Says the former to the latter, "You must leave all financial matters in my hands. It is not right that you should possess the power to veto my expenditure. You are unreasonable in your desires to limit, whilst I, you see, am most reasonable in my desire for absolute control." Thus, for the first time, we learn that the absolute control of finance is constitutional, or, in other words, that it possesses an economic basis. But the tyrant who has the real interests of the nation at heart (the House of Lords), and who, moreover, is the reasonable tyrant, inasmuch as he understands and admits that a limit must be made to national expenditure, cannot be trusted to uphold the force of such argument. He appears to lack moral courage, the result being that the tyrant instructor takes advantage of such moral weakness by setting a trap in the form of a Conference.

Now, seeing that the latter is still in progress, we have yet to learn with what success Demos plays his game. Perhaps, after all, Reason, who is the justest and kindest tyrant of all tyrants, will rouse himself. He may recover somewhat from his moral weakness. In that case, Demos, who has made many historic bids for absolute power, may find himself once again checkmated, and checkmated this time, not for lack of the means for maintaining a rational supremacy, since he is warring against such means, but rather for lack of the means for maintaining an irrational supremacy. Absolute power over finance carries with it absolute power over taxation, and this is what the very charter of our freedom destroyed. Let the English nation forget this at its peril. If, during the present Conference, Reason is coerced into submitting to Demos' fell demands, then England will indeed be given over to madness—such madness as must cover what intellect she possesses with contempt.

Lastly, such a Conference, for the untarnished honour of the nation, ought never to have taken place.

AN ENGLISHMAN WHO CARES.

THE COLOSSUS OF POETRY. (?)*

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—For some years I have been as one crying in the wilderness in protest against our national neglect of the Colossus of Painting; a genius of unparalleled imagination, originality, and of Titanic power. A man who in a few giant strides attained his artistic maturity, and then astonished the world by those thunderous epics which stand alone for their dramatic energy. These marvellous works created a veritable furor, and sent the painter's name ringing round the world; but that breath of inspiration was soon exhausted; he repeated himself; turned his restless genius to London improvements; the neglect began in his lifetime, and has become complete since his death. It is needless to say I refer to the Dante of painting, John Martin.

In the world of poetry there is, curiously enough, a somewhat similar case. Like Martin, he was a man of Olympian front, of amazing genius, and even greater precocity. Before seeing twenty summers he began his masterpiece, published it three years later; it created immense interest and astonishment, and reached its eleventh edition. In America it went through more than that, and "was hailed with a perfect tornado of applause." This boundlessly inspired poet, whom I deliberately name the *Colossus of Poetry*, who treated the greatest of themes more grandly than Dante, Milton, or Goethe, is not mentioned in our so-called "Dictionary of National Biography"; and although his son only recently died, and there are doubtless descendants living, none were present at the gathering of the surviving representatives of the families of our poets; and, so far as I saw, his name was not mentioned in connection with it! This great poet whom we thus disgrace ourselves by ignoring is Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus." This treatment of him shows the same dunderheadedness which enables the Germans, with some plausibility, to claim to have discovered Shakespeare! Before I dare say what I wish to say of Bailey, I must present my credentials, make the personal equation, and enable the reader to judge my judgment. I am not a critic of poetry, and know little of its technique; but I am an artist, and have a good ear. This is not enough to enable one to estimate Bailey. He treats the highest and most stupendous themes which can engage human thought; and those who have not thought for themselves on these subjects are in no position to judge a poem like "Festus." I have grappled with all those themes; and in my lectures, or published articles, such as "The Increasing Purpose," "The Newer Dispensation," "The Purpose of Existence," "Pantheism and Personality," "The Organisation of Mankind," and "The World's Task To-day," I have covered much of the ground. And, with customary "modesty," I claim to have thrown some new light on these subjects, because the rôle of Artist-Philosopher is an unusual one, and I believe the artistic standpoint to have high philosophic value.

Thirty years ago, having vaguely heard of "Festus," I started to read it with the preconception that it was a second-hand treatment of Milton's and Goethe's subjects. I was soon bored, and I threw it aside. Some years later I took it up again, saw more in it; but could not get through it. It was not until two years ago, when I had grown bigger, and was writing "Pantheism and Personality," that I came across a quotation from Bailey bearing on the subject, which seemed a veritable revelation. I at once seized the book "Festus," and it seized me; my eyes were opened, and I read right through with inexpressible enthusiasm and astonishment. It is said to be unreadable on account of its length; but I should have wished it longer had I not been so anxious to re-read it with fuller realisation of its stupendous thoughts and its inexhaustible wealth of poetic imagery. Treating the great subjects handled by Dante, Milton, and Goethe, he rises to the most sublime heights ever touched by human thought, and he deals with all the eternal questions with a largeness, an elevation and purity, a boundless charity, a maturity of wisdom, and a splendour of artistry which glorifies and raises all to the Mount of Transfiguration! His inspiration comes not in dribblets, but it flows with the fullness and the majestic rhythm of an ocean.

Lest I be thought singular in my judgment, I must remind the sceptic that so exquisite a poet as Rossetti greatly admired "Festus"; Tennyson said he dared not say how much he admired it lest he be thought extravagant. He also said that, while he was like a robin twittering about the hedgerows, Bailey was like an eagle soaring round the mountain tops. "It contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets." "A truly wonderful poem." "A mine of golden poesy." "The lavish prodigality

with which the author (Bailey) pours out the finest poetical garniture from beginning to end of his work, seems to picture to us as though a whole cornucopia of wit, wisdom, and beautiful sentiment were emptied before our eyes at once.

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My object in writing is not only to protest against the neglect of this Colossus among poets; it is also to make an urgent appeal to those who can do so to gather up all the material possible for a future Biography, while there are still some living who must have known Bailey and his recently deceased son. It is a national disgrace that of the Supreme Poet, Shakespeare, we should know next to nothing; and if in this interviewing age we allow the author of "Festus" to remain without adequate biographical record, we shall be more deeply, because less excusably, disgraced than in the case of Shakespeare.

E. WAKE COOK.

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